

# The Spirit Of The Age.

Freedom of Inquiry, and the Power of the People.

BY C. G. EASTMAN.

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## The Spirit Of The Age.

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## A PICTURE.

The former sat in his easy chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
While his late old wife, with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away.  
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,  
On her grand father's knee was cowering.

The old man placed his hand on her head,  
With a tear on his wrinkled face,  
He thought how often her mother dead  
Had sat in the same, same place.  
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,  
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-lady lay stretched out on the floor,  
Where the sun, after noon used to steal,  
The boy old wife, by the open door,  
Was turning the spinning wheel—  
And the old brass clock on the mantelpiece,  
Had plodded along to almost three—

Still the former sat in his easy chair,  
While close to his hearing breast,  
The moisture round and the head so fair,  
Of his sweet grand-child were prest:  
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay,  
Fast asleep, were they both on that summer day!

## EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

The turmoil of a warm political contest being nearly at an end, we shall have an opportunity to devote our leisure moments to our favorite topic—EDUCATION. Although we have labored in this field almost alone for years, yet we are by no means discouraged; the people will have their eyes opened to its vast importance in due time; they will one day or other perceive that if we would persevere our republican institutions from the contaminating influence of avarice and political ambition, education must be universal. They will learn another important lesson; that our present system of learning at all our schools and colleges must undergo a radical reformation, or we shall ultimately find a large majority of our educated men the champions of federal aristocracy. We find in one of our exchange papers the following hints upon the education of children, to which we ask the attention of our readers.

Old Dominion.

## CHILDHOOD.

How often is the pleasant season of childhood turned into a probation of unnatural mental toil, by ambitious parents, who forget the happiness of their children in their vain desire to see them forward in acquiring knowledge, that they may hear them admired by others. This we need scarcely say is all wrong; but many of the natural guardians of children seem to require line upon line and precept upon precept, before they will be brought to right reflection. A correspondent of the New York Mirror among other good remarks on this subject, has the following:

Shortly after the children are weaned, they commence educating them. While the brain is yet in a soft, pulpy state, they load it with heavy facts and hard names, to its serious detriment during the remainder of its mundane existence. The ancient Grecian commenced with carrying a calf upon his back a few hours every day, so when the calf gradually grew into a bullock, he carried the bullock with as much ease as he had done the calf. This is now the education principle. They lay a few leaves of Cyclopedia or Encyclopedia on a child's tender brain, and to keep adding thereto day by day expecting that when he is a man, he will carry the thirty volumes with perfect ease, without considering that in the attempt they may crush all sap and freshness out of their brain, rendering it as flat as a pancake, and dry as the remainder biscuit.

Now is this wholesome—is it natural? Is it fair, is it humane, that a child should be cheated out of its childhood, and sent to learn the "use of the globe" before it has learnt to play at marbles? Or is it to be expected that this early forcing and hot-bed system can produce as healthy plants as if they had been allowed to grow in the free and open sunshine? Oh! in place of sending a child to school at three or four years, let it enjoy three more years of ignorance. Curb not its young freedom; abridge not its first holidays; cage not the pretty bird to soon! Change not the free air of heaven for the pent-up atmosphere of the seminary; the gentle

murmur of the winds for the dull hum of the prison-house. We were children ourselves once. Let us have a fellow-feeling for the young rogues. Let kind dame Nature nurse them a few days longer. There will be fewer rickety limbs and rickety intellects.

## THE BURNING SHIP.

For many years I had never heard from home, but still the fond remembrance of early enjoyments in that sweet spot clung to my soul, and became the subject of many sketches from my pencil, some of which the captain had taken to ornament his cabin. Agnes, in all her loveliness, was always present to my imagination; prompting me to many an honorable action, and restraining me from every thing which could bring discredit on my affection. To her dear image I was indebted for the respect and esteem I enjoyed from every one on board.

The master's mate had been promoted to a lieutenant, and I was appointed to fill the vacant station. Often did I rejoice in my heart at the prospect of once more embracing those who were so dear to me; and as often did the sickening sensations of distracting doubt agitate my breast.

One lovely evening, the sky was beautifully serene—the ocean, like a clear mirror, reflected the golden rays of the setting sun, and the light breeze just lulled the spreading sails to sleep, propelling the ship almost imperceptibly along, at the rate of three miles an hour. It was one of those evenings that baffle the painter's art, and only the poet can portray. The first watch was drawing to a close; it had struck eleven bells; the seamen on the lookout had proclaimed "All's well!" and every thing was again hushed to solemn stillness. I was standing on the gangway, full of pensive musings, watching a bright star, just kindled on the verge of the horizon, it beamed like a ray of hope irradiating the gloom which hung heavy upon my heart. Suddenly it expanded like a glowing meteor, and the ocean was illuminated with a red and gory tinge. I was struck with astonishment; but at the same moment an exclamation resounded fore and aft, "A ship on fire! a ship on fire!" and the horrid conviction was, alas! too evident. In a few minutes the flames were distinctly visible, and the ship was pronounced to be about five miles distant. Never before did I witness such alacrity among our crew as in that hour of peril. The captain, and every officer and man were on deck immediately; and as it was impossible for the frigate to approach in sufficient time to rescue the sufferers, before ten minutes had elapsed from the period of first noticing the fire, every boat was in motion toward the scene of danger. It fell to my lot to command the captain's gig, a swift pulling boat with seven men, who bent to their oars with all the might of brave and generous spirits. As we drew near, the destructive element raged with increasing fury; and the shriels of the wretched creatures came mingling with the crackling of the flames and the crash of falling masts. The frigate had fired guns and hoisted lights, to show them snecor was at hand; and the boat's crew occasionally cheered, to announce that they were approaching to their rescue. The shouts were returned from the burning ship; but so wild, so fearful, they sounded like the expiring yell of agony, that still clung to hope and life. I would have dashed instantly along side, but the old coxswain respectfully warned me of the danger of such a measure, "as the boat," he said, "would instantly be swamped by the crowds that would rush into her." We were now within a short distance of the vessel, and oh! what a sight of horror was presented! The ports were all open, and the flames pouring from them as from so many mouths, seemed eager for their prey. Numbers of poor creatures were swimming toward us, whilst others held pieces of shattered spars, with strong convulsive grasp. The fore-part of the ship was nearly consumed, and the upper part abait was rapidly falling in. Those who could swim, we left for other boats to take up, and pulling under the stern, we lay unobserved, by the gun-room ports, while the fiery fragments came tumbling thick about us. Trusting to my skill in swimming, should it be deemed requisite to jump overboard, I instantly entered the port-hole; and the ship having turned before the wind, what little air there was, drove the greatest part of the smoke forward; yet there was almost an insupportable heat, and the suffocating vapors hid defiance to my efforts to penetrate farther. A feeling I cannot account for—an indescribable feeling urged me on, and I reached the gun-room ladder at the bottom of which lay a human being, whose sufferings apparently were over. I passed my hand quickly to the heart, to feel if any palpitation yet remained, and discovered that the individual was a female; she was yet living, and in a few moments was safely in the boat. Again I returned with three of my crew, and soon had the satisfaction of rescuing eight poor wretches who lay in a state of insensibility, and must soon have perished. Stimulated by success, we penetrated to the burning deck above; and never shall I forget the horror of the spectacle. Here all was brilliancy. Several half-burned and mangled bodies could be distinguished in the flames. Near the transom, sat a mother with an infant in her arms. She heeded me not, but clasped it closer to her bosom—gave one wild shriek, and mortal agony was over. The infant was secured. Numbers that remained, sought refuge in the sea. The female I had saved was still insensible. The worthy coxswain had wrapped the infant in his jacket, which was now sweetly sleeping in the box by his side.

In the bow of the boat, a grey-headed man exclaimed, "My son, my daughter—where are they? Another voice feebly uttered, "My father." It was Sir Edward's son. The female was raised in my arms, and I recognised my Agnes.

## BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

As the sun is to flowers, so is God to man.—When the beams of that celestial orb touch the flowers, joyously they shoot upwards, and open

their caps, and unfold their most brilliant hues.—At night when that sun has departed, sadly they stand, and dream of the golden rays of the past.—Those flowers which are always in the shade are pale, and stunted, and joyless, and they fade away early. But the flowers which grow in total darkness, in the cellars of old castles, or among the ruined cloisters, these are deformed and poisonous; they creep on the ground like serpents, and their odor is unhealthful, injurious, deadly.

## BRIEF DISCOURSE.

TEXT.—"There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

We hope it will not be deemed sacrilegious to quote here this sublime precaution from the oracles of divine truth, as a text to discourse from in the manner which follows, although in aid of subjects of somewhat a secular nature, appertaining, however, to morality.

It may seem right to a man—to neglect paying his debts for the sake of lending or speculating upon his money, but the end thereof is—a bad paymaster.

It may seem right to a man—to live beyond his income, but the end thereof is—wretchedness and poverty.

It may seem right to a man—to attempt to live upon the fashion of the times, but the end thereof is—disgusting to all sensible folks, and ruinous to health, reputation and property.

It may seem right to a man—to attempt to obtain a livelihood without industry and economy, but the end thereof is—hunger and rags.

It may seem right to a man—to keep constantly borrowing of his neighbors, and never willing to lend, but the end thereof is—very cross neighbors.

It may seem right to a man—to be always trumpeting his own fame, but the end thereof is—his fame does not extend very far.

It may seem right to a man—to trouble himself very much about his neighbor's business, but the end thereof is—nobody believes any thing he says.

It may seem right to a man—to indulge his children in every thing, but the end thereof is—his children will indulge themselves in dishonoring him.

It may seem right to a man—to put off every thing that ought to be done to-day until to-morrow, but the end thereof is—such things are not done at all.

It may seem right to a man—to attempt pleasing every body, but the end thereof is—he pleases nobody.

It may seem right to a man—to excel his neighbor in extravagance and luxury, but the end thereof is—that man and his family are totally ignorant of the ordinary occurrences of the day.

It may seem right to a man—to obtain his news by borrowing and stealing of his neighbors, but the end thereof is—annoyance to his neighbors, and fraud upon the printer.

It may seem right to a man—to pay every body before he pays the PRINTER, but the end thereof is—he pays the most needy last, if he pays him at all.

It may seem right to a man—to be constantly occupied in hoarding up the treasures of this world, but the end thereof is—he has none in the world to come.

## TO THE TEXANS.

(Written after the fall of Alamo.)

Vengeance calls you, quick! be ready!  
Life and fortune for the strife!  
Gather then, be firm and steady—  
Up for freedom! up for life!  
Hot be quick! With bayonet gleaming,  
Cover every hill and field,  
Lo the oppressor's banner streaming!  
Are ye cowards, will ye yield?

Will ye with your children gasping?  
In the tyrant's fighting clots?  
Yes! with grey haired cripples grasping  
For their lives, the harmless crutch  
Will ye? Lay the olden dushes,  
From her eye the blinding tears,  
And wildly, by her own home's ashes,  
Starks for vengeance? Do ye hear?

Will ye do it—will ye falter,  
With the struggle so begun?  
Do it then! and there's the halberd,  
Do it! and your chains are on.  
Will you let a tyrant juggle  
You of your own birth-right? Who—  
Who were yours without a struggle?  
Is it you? or yours? or you?

Hark! your brethren, taken, cry on  
Into dungeons, hear them cry:  
God! oh God! one look on heaven—  
One blow for freedom! ever we die!  
Up! Oh! Great God! They perish!  
Shall they die without a blow?  
By all the hopes that patriots cherish,  
Up! revenge them! Rally! ho!

Rouse ye! rouse! be quick! be ready!  
Every patriot in his place!  
Grasp your chains! be firm and steady—  
—Dash them in the tyrant's face!  
Rouse ye! Rouse from every valley!  
Rouse with musket, sword and pike,  
Be your watchword! you rally,  
ALAMO FOR VENGEANCE! STRIKE!

## CLEOPATRA.

Opposed to the most able and powerful men that ever lived, she finally conquered the world's conquerors, by the brilliant qualities of her mind and the seductive influence of her charms. She successfully subdued Julius, enslaved Antony, and outwitted Augustus. When proclaimed the partner of the Emperor of Rome, and when her statue was placed in the temple of its gods, she only used her power over the hearts of "the world's great masters" to save Egypt and to increase its dominions. From a fugitive princess, wronged, friendless, deformed, and hunted to the death, by unnatural kindred she made herself an independent sovereign queen, and raised the decaying capital of her kingdom to be the intellectual metropolis of the universe; a shrine to which the wise men of all nations brought their tributes.

Never was Egypt so rich in wealth, power, and civilization as under the reign of this last of its queens, who made knowledge the basis of national supremacy; who reconstructed that precious library which man in his madness had destroyed; and who, when the treasures of the Roman empire were

made disposable at her will, (by the prodigality of the emperors) replied to his offer, "The treasures I want are two hundred thousand volumes from Pergamus, for my library of Alexandria." (Lady Morgan's Woman and her Master.)

From "Friendship's Offering," for 1841.

## SOLIMAN, THE JANIZARY.

"With sabre shivered to the hilt,  
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt,  
Yet strained within the severed hand,  
Which quivered round that faithful brand;  
His turban far behind him rolled,  
And clank in twain its iron fold."

Byron.

I am an old man. I have seen war, and I have seen peace. I have seen sultans raised to the throne, and I have seen sultans sent to the dungeon. All this I outlived, for all this I regarded as the course of Nature. But I have seen the glory of the Mussulmans gone, and the empire at the mercy of the Frank. Is this to be endured?—Is this to be believed? But I am the last of the Janizaries. That is enough. Of this body, which, with all its faults, was the strength of the empire, the beginning of its glory, and the end of its dominion, I am the last living man.—What more can I say? I am standing beside my grave. If I live, it is only until I shall have seen the last hour of Mahomet! Then let the arrow come when it will, that turns Soliman Agi into dust and ashes. Alla ilallah!

I was standing one evening on the edge of the Golden Horn, near the spot where Balafrate made his last stand, and was blown up—may his bones never be covered! and was looking at the caques of the Sultan as they passed from the seraglio to his new palace on the Asiatic shore. I hated the man, but the scene was calculated to soothe the mind. I am no describer, but he who cannot feel the beauty of Nature, cannot sufficiently hate him who turns it into the tomb of empire. What has Europe, or the world besides, to equal the scene that lies before the gaze of the Mussulman every day of his existence, from the shore of Constantinople? Before me rose the range of the Asiatic hills, a scene of mountain magnificence; whether in the storm or the calm, a throne of the thunder or a throne of the sunshine, in each alike a throne.

At my feet lay the sea of Marmara, a sheet of glass, an immense lake of lapis lazuli, colored with every light and tincture of the richest sky of the world. Left and right, spread the enchanted gardens of the Bosphorus, and the bold shores of the Dardanelles, colored with the vapors of sunset, as if they were hung with draperies of cloth of gold. While I was lost in admiration of this noble spectacle, often as I had seen it before; I heard voices behind me. The times were troubled, and I instinctively laid my hand on my dagger. The movement produced only a low laugh; and I saw Ahmet Oglou and Hassan Topal, two agas of the Janizaries, and my intimate friends.

"Ha, Soliman," said Hassan; "you might spare our honor the idea of our being assassins, for we might have settled that question with you half an hour ago. We have been looking at you fully that time, and wondering what you were doing with your eyes. It was plain that you saw nothing of us."

"It was looking for the prophet's paradise," said Ahmet; "and after a vision of the hoariness, it was only natural that he should not condescend to human visages. But come, we have something to do to-night, and we want you to be with us."

"Your purpose, colonels?"  
"The honor of the corps."  
"How is it implicated? Have any new insults been offered to-day? I saw the Sultan return from the mosque this sunset, and cross the water. But he had the usual guard of our corps."

Oglou, a fierce and muscular figure, and with a mind like his figure, started, and half-unheeding his semicircular, cried—He is a slave of Mahomet. Let us leave him!"

I waved my scimitar above his head at the moment, and lunged back the imputation; but Hassan interposed. Oglou was a Turkoman, and wild as one of his own wild horses. Hassan Topal was an Ionian, and graceful as one of the poplars of his clime. This made all the difference between hurying our weapons in each other's hearts, and fighting with them side by side as we did so soon. "The fact, friend Ahmet," said the peace-maker, "is, that Soliman Agi is a poet, and thinks more of sunsets than the seraglio. He hates Mahomet; but he hates him not half so much for his treason against the laws of the empire as against the shahs and turbans of the Moslems. He lives in the shahs, while we walk on the ground; and such as he is, for all this, we must have him with us."

"Show me," I exclaimed, "just cause, and I shall show myself as ready to shed my blood in it, as if there were neither pen nor sword in the world." "Look on that spot where you stand this moment, and doubt, if you can, the wrongs of the Janizaries, or their power to avenge them. In that fragment of a tomb lie the remains of our enemy; the fragment of Balafrate—the rest was tossed to the moon." Oglou proceeded gloomily, and in a tone of sullen triumph, as if he exulted in the remembrance:

"It is exactly eighteen years since that night; and it is as plain before me as if it were but yesterday. Balafrate, fearless as a lion, had determined to destroy the whole corps of the Janizaries, and had the madness to tell his mind. 'I will make all their regiments,' said he, 'like that man massed for its mutiny against Sultan Othman, (the sixty-fifth Oda, of which, when its name was daily called on the parade, a colored daily and a colored night of that Oda perish. Let it be so! Let the voice of that Oda be extinguished for ever!'"

The vizier made the attempt; he brought his 8000 new levies from Scutari. But the Janizaries had determined otherwise. On the memorable 14th of November, we beat our drums, surrounded the seraglio, and set the chambers of the vizier on fire. I myself, young as I was, was among the foremost. I sent a carbine load of bullets after him, as he sprang from the casement into the gardens. Whether I wounded him or not is now past telling. But I was close on when he rushed into Balafrate, and closed the door. We then had him safe.

We knew, what he did not, that he had been turned out of his powder store the day before. We suffered him barricading himself within. We suffered him to go on. We demanded whether he would or would not, swear fidelity to our corps. He answered by threatening to shave our heads, and behind our backs. There was nothing more to be done. We threw torches upon the roof, set the door on fire, and stood at a distance with our muskets ready to bring down all who attempted to escape. We heard the howling of the vizier and his friends, as the fire began to reach them. It did not last long. A single explosion tore up the roof of the magazine, carrying the limbs and bodies of its garrison into the air. All that is left of the vizier's edifice is now a pile of ruins. We then marched, with drums beating, to the barracks of the new levies; and there, turned to cinders all who staid in them, and shot all who attempted to come out. We had still four-and-twenty hours fighting in the streets to finish the work; but we finished it; and with one half of the city in a blaze, and the other half in our possession, brought the Sultan to his senses, and sent him the head of his insolent general, Cadi Pascha, to keep him in them."

"You will find no slackness in me," was my answer. "The empire first, the Sultan after; the Janizaries first, then all mankind. What is to be done? My Oda will march at the first heat of the drum. They are faithful, and I am true!"

"You were always brave. I remember you well, when you were first in the breach at Belgrade. We fought together too, on the mountains of Armenia. And now we must fight together in the assault of those old walls, where a tyrant and a madman intends to dig the grave of the Janizaries." This was the speech of Hassan Topal, my friend from boyhood, and, though of gentle manners and of habits polished by long intercourse with the ancients and highest rank of Ottomans, one of the boldest soldiers in the land of the prophets. I clasped his hand.

The night had by this time fallen; and the evening gun from the fleet, lying off the seraglio, interrupted our conversation. To one already interrupted, as I was, with the coming fall of the empire, nothing could offer a stronger contrast to the idea than the scene round me. All was the magnificence, life, and activity of imperial power.—The towers and walls of the seraglio gave the image of a strength defying decay. The sea was covered with the masts of the fleet and the shores, ringing with the marches and lamps in their rows; like huge serpents, with eyes of flame, floating only by their own impulse along the surface. The call of the Muezzins from the minarets, the songs of the peasants returning from the markets of the city to their homes on the Asiatic side, the cry of the numberless boatmen, the sounds of the military bands from the barracks at Scutari, even the hum of the great city itself, formed a mingling and vast harmony. I am not a man of tears, but a tear stole down.

"And is this all to be thrown away, for the caprices of one man? Is this my involuntary thought. 'Is the Moslem to be an exile or a slave? Is this the only alternative? Must this grandest of all the monuments of imperial power be turned into a Russian or an Austrian dungeon, while our children row their galleys, or furnish in the mountains of Turkey? Topal saw the passion working within me, and would have left me to my meditations; but the rougher nature of his companion was not to be restrained.

"Join us or not, colonel, as it may please you," exclaimed Oglou sullenly; "but this I can tell you, that before a week is over, you may neither have a regiment, nor have a head on your shoulders." The Sultan is at this moment bringing troops from Albania and Asia to crush us. The council, within the last twenty-four hours, have debated on our extinction—the traitors have cried, 'It is the whole divan is against me, with the exception of one or two honest men, who have given us timely notice, to save our necks from the law's hand.' And now, the only question is, whether we shall spring like the tiger on the hunters, or wait death in our dens."

"If I must die, let me die in hot blood," was my answer. "When do we rise?"  
"This night, at midnight."

"Where?"  
"Under the wall of the Seven Towers."

"In arms?"  
"In arms." We swore on our naked scimitars, and they hastily took their departure. I was left alone with painful embarrassment, when I was left alone. There was one being at least, in the world to whom I owed full confidence, and whose fortunes must be deeply involved in my own. That one of course was a woman, for the fidelity of man to man is of sterner order. She was of Constantinople, but the daughter of a Greek, a merchant, with whom circumstances had brought me into acquaintance.

Agas of the Janizaries were once important as protectors, and the Greek was only too happy in consenting to take him under my patronage. To cement the connexion, he had offered me his daughter in marriage, before I had seen her. But all Moslems do not wish to be hated by their wives; and the man who marries a slave has not much chance of any thing better. So I refused the offer, though it might have put a large sum in my purse; for the merchant was rich, and the husband of his only child was naturally to be his heir. Whether this refusal, rather rare, I own, among my countrymen, awoke the feelings of his daughter, I know not, but I know this: that when I saw her afterwards, I scarcely could make up my mind whether to rejoice, or regret, that I had rejected her. Olynpias, I found, was by far the most beautiful creature that I had ever seen; her countenance, so noble, and not nobler than her mind; her heart upon her lip, and her soul in her glance. The world may have others, her equals, but I have never met with them, and till I shall, I must believe her unrivaled. She was all that I needed the heart, or controls the understanding. The first sight of her settled all question with me. From that hour I felt a new conception of existence, new ideas, a sudden expansion of my faculties and feelings, as if some living circulation flowed through my frame. All this may be imputed to the love of Moslem, and I allow that they have not their place in the life of the baronet; but there are differences even among Moslems; and what I have said of myself is true. I loathed the life of my countrymen, and told Olynpias I loved, and one being on earth, and that one herself. She too had her confession, tardily given, timidly made, pronounced with many a blush and tear, but irresistibly going to the heart. I never doubted it for a moment. It was impossible for me to doubt it. We pledged our faith and never could human eloquence captivate more, than the language in which she thanked me for having refused her hand until I had won her heart.

I have mentioned those things slightly, and pass to others. The next day had been fixed for our marriage. But what was the next day now to be? The honor of a soldier, the existence of my corps, the safety of the empire, were on one side; Olynpias (I said) was on the other. My blood boiled while I listened to my brother agas; left alone, it sank; yet it was still fiery. I paced the shore for hours on that night, yet was not more determined at the close than at the beginning.

Indecision may be the easy folly of triflers, but in men with strong interests to distract them, it is often agony. I have lain wounded on the field through the living night; I have burned with the plague; yet I never felt keener pangs in either instance, than I felt on that night. At length, I determined to let my own mind be rational, thought of the only expedient which was rational, and to be guided by her incomparable judgment.—I went to the house of my friend. The merchant had gone out to make some of those purchases for the bride, which the Greek was cautious of ordering home in daylight.—There was not much merriment for his race in the Ottoman bosom in those days.

I found Olynpias alone. There is sometimes a strange apprehension of calamity in the mind, when great events are coming, like the oppression in the air before a thunder-storm. She flew to meet me, told me she had spent a day of unaccountable fear, and that she had almost believed in the power of the evil eye. A sentinel, who had come to ask about her, told her that the bridal flowers were to be turned red, white roses in Constantinople would be turned red, and that the prophecy could be explained, and I felt that the prophecy must have been one of those agents that the sultan must have been one of those agents

whom the leader of the Janizaries had often sent through the city to prepare the people for infection. I hid my fearful statement before my bride. She heard it with terror, wept and trembled; but when the first alarm was past, she showed that I had not been deceived in either her heart, or her understanding.

"You must go," said this noble creature. "Life is cloudy at best, but we can have no higher guide than duty. The man whom I love carries my soul with him into the battle, or the desert, or the tomb; but I shall never suffer his love for me to embitter his life by tarnishing his honor."

The Moslems are not supposed to rank women too highly; yet they have heads and hearts as well as the rest of the world. If the Franks doubt this, I cannot help them, but the Sultan knows better; and his messages for the heads of the pashas, whenever he has occasion for their purses, prove the reality of his belief in one-half of the matter.—As to home, I presume the truth is pretty much the same at both ends of the Mediterranean—except that the Moslems pay for their wives, instead of being paid, and thus leave the question of value on their side, so far as zuchins can settle the question. However, I had not much time for either love or philosophy; for while I was gazing on the star-like eyes and statue-like form of my beautiful bride, and listening to language which would have made me a listener till doom's day; a rocket burst across the sky; a roar followed it; a galloping of horses followed the roar, and I found a crowd of the Janizary officers mounted at the gate and clamoring for my appearance. How they had found me out, was a matter of some surprise at the time.—It was afterward fully explained. Oglou was busy among them; and I soon heard from him and the anxious circle round me, the true history of the hour.

The Sultan had long resolved on restoring the levies of Scutari, and reducing the corps of Janizaries. They have had no desire to listen, as may be supposed; and we had taken the usual means of telling our minds. All nations speak their grievances, though they may have different ways of telling them. The Russian takes a crayon round the czar's throat, which he can never notice. The German quits the land of son-kraut, and goes to dig his grave in the desert. The Frenchman shoots his king in his coach, and proclaims the liberty of his country in a coffee-house. The Englishman libels him in a newspaper. The Moslem way is the simpler one after all. He sets fire to Constantinople. The thing is easy, for the houses are of wood; it is expensive, for the seraglio may be burned as easily as the streets; and it is effectual, for the Sultan on record has ever stood three substantial fires.—It has, however, one objection, and but one. We cannot burn, where there is nothing to consume, and where three-fourths of the city were in ashes already, the moral was not easily renewable. Mahomet, too, was the most stubborn of men.—He had become alarmed as the flames shot up from time to time. His eye told him that we were in ill-humor with him; and he privately brought troops to Scutari, and waited only his opportunity to strike. I mounted my horse, and desired Olynpias to get herself in readiness; for the chances of our adventure promised to make a sultan of her, if we should succeed; a hero if we did not; and to place me either in a palace at her feet, or in paradise by her side, by the time the sun was shining on the Bosphorus. She was silent, but her tears told what she forbade to her voice. She threw her fully armed around my neck, and Moslem as I am, I fully believed, in that hour at least, that women could have souls.

I drew my scimitar, and we set off like a flight of fobos, for the rendezvous of the regiments. I found them drawn up on the shore in front of the Seven Towers. They were steadily waiting our return, and I was received with acclamations.—The sight was a gallant one. No less than forty thousand of the finest troops in the world, stood to their arms before me. It is true that some of the Janizaries had adopted the low professions of the city; but those were not the men to meet the danger of the night; and every man on whom I now looked, was a true soldier. I asked what had become of the General. An agas brought forward a sack, from which he produced a head. It was the seraskier's. He had been sent for by the Sultan early in the evening, and had returned—to announce to the corps the imperial determination to disband them. The agas, in a circle, calmly demanded his own opinion on the subject. The seraskier had been a court horse, and was for nothing but to handle the shaving-brush.—He advised them, like the slave that he was, to submit. Ottoman councils of war may not be renewed for etiquette, but they have the merit of proceeding at once to the point. The seraskier was instantly ordered to make his will in favor of the regimental chest, kneel down, and have his head cut off. All was over in a few minutes; and the head in the sack was my commission.

I rode along the ranks, and spoke a few words to the first Oda. "Look on those towers, soldiers of the Prophet!" I exclaimed. "They remind the Janizary of glory. It was here that Sultan Othman dared to defy the majesty of the empire. No man has ever defied it without paying for the insult in his blood. But the Janizary drums beat to arms. The Sultan Best has been killed. They besieged him, and in four-and-twenty hours his corpse was rolling under their feet." No speech was ever more applauded.

I rode to another. The subject was now vengeance.—"Look here," said I; "on that spot where this mouldering pillar stands, was proclaimed the infamous decree which extinguished the sixty-fifth Oda. Treachery alone had baffled the Janizaries; their champion, the Vizer Daud, had been stripped of his turban, his semicircle broken, and his lips forced to swallow a draught from